

PRINCE OF WALES KNIGHTED BY KING IN ORDER OF GARTER

Brilliant Ceremony Marks Investiture of Heir to the British Throne.

WINDSOR, England, June 10.—Ed-ward, the seventeen-year-old Prince of Wales, was today received into the ancient hereditary order of the Knights of the Garter. Amid a wealth of ceremonial that exceeded that seen in any similar investiture since the days of Charles II., the youthful prince knelt and received the accolade, which constituted him a knight in the most honored order in England. Today's investiture marked the beginning of the coronation pageants.

The royal knights present were the King, the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and Dom Manuel, King of Portugal. There was also the Queen in her capacity as sovereign lady of the order. There was almost a full attendance of knights' companions.

King George opened the chapter, announcing his intention of creating his son a royal knight. No objection being raised, the Duke and Prince Arthur of Connaught, who vouched for Edward's birth and general good character, left to bring him to the long mantle and full dress of the order the youthful prince appeared distinctly nervous.

Edward took his place at his father's side. The Bishop of Winchester recited the religious admonitions and then the King, receiving the insignia from the presiding officials, fastened his son's. The Prince then knelt and received the tap on the shoulder from the King's sword, which constituted him a knight.

The King himself buckled the blue velvet garter upon the left leg of the youthful knight. There was also the Queen in her capacity as sovereign lady of the order. There was almost a full attendance of knights' companions.

After an embrace from his father and the congratulations of the other knights, a procession was formed and the knights marched to St. George's Chapel for a religious service. A revival of an ancient custom long fallen into disuse.

CITY BOYS SITE FOR FLUSHING'S NEW HIGH SCHOOL

Huge Billboard Defaces Property Almost as Soon as Deal Is Completed.

Through the efforts of Robert B. Thomas, School Commissioner for the Borough of Queens, the city has just acquired a large plot of ground at Flushing and Whitestone avenue, the prettiest part of Flushing, as the site for a new high school.

The plot commands a view of the East River and Flushing Bay. It is supposed to erect a building to cost about \$300,000, but work cannot be commenced until the city has secured the necessary funds for the erection of the school must be included in next year's budget.

No sooner had the city taken title to the property than carpenters appeared on the plot and erected a huge billboard for the sale of automobiles. The billboard defaced the property almost as soon as the deal was completed.

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CARRIE CURRA! RANDOM SHOTS AT BIG AND SMALL BY W.P. McLEUGHLIN.

IF EVER A MAN DIED of a broken heart that man was genial, kindly Ned Harrigan. Poor Ned! I saw him frequently before he cuddled himself away to die. He frequented at these meetings with embittered feeling to what he termed the indifference of New Yorkers to one who had furnished them with so many delightful little comedies filled with characters that all knew were faithful to life. In most cases the persons in his rollicking plays were actual moving pictures of those they were intended to portray. I saw nearly all the products of his genius and reproductive ability and including Tony Hart, the cleverest of them all, Johnny Wild, "Joe" Sparks, Harry Finner, Ada Lewis and Annie Yeomans, to say nothing of Harrigan himself and his able collaborator in the musical end of it, Dave Hacham.

Harrigan couldn't be induced to believe that the great changes in the contour of New York and in the diversity of its population were responsible for a corresponding change in the tastes of the people. The old Seventh Ward, de Fourt, de Sixt and the fighting Fourteenth were drained of the Irish families from which he drew his rich supply of material. New peoples came to take their places. The German Tenth the Old Baxter "Avenue" Thompson and Sullivan streets, from which he drew his Dutch, Jewish and negro comedy material, all lost their distinctive character through the invasion of other races. But it was vain to reason with Harrigan along this line. He tried a revival of the old plays, but the effort was a failure. Then he took to glooming over it, and he scarcely ever smiled again.

I don't know where there is a distinctively Irish settlement anywhere in Greater New York now—yes, how old—there are two—one is the Supreme Court Bench and the other Police Headquarters. Glory be!

THE COMMISSIONER JOE JOHNSON fired a fireman five days' pay for saying he didn't know how to use a telephone.

That was not only a confession of extraordinary ignorance by the fireman, but a serious reflection on the utility of the department in which the new scampy Commissioner is so proud. Still worse, it was undoubtedly a bluff.

I would have handed it harder to that chap.

Fourth Deputy Police Commissioner Jimmy Dillon, who used to be a cop on post himself, says he doesn't want trivial complaints, but he will make it hot for a fellow "beating his post."

Hickie! Make 'em patrol by hook or crook. That is the main thing in police work and the shirker should get the limit when he leaves the post to which he has been assigned.

Second Deputy Commissioner Dougherty says that the detectives in his charge must adopt modern methods of tracing criminals. Suggestions from Sherlock Holmes, Arsene Lupin or your truly, formerly known as Butts the Boy Detective, must be utilized wherever possible. No aid is to be slighted when a criminal is to be caught. Good!

Chief Cleaning Commissioner Bill Edwards selected a wet day for his annual parade so that the rain would do the work of the sweepers while they marched, thus saving loss to the city. Fine.

Really, these are the days of the real thing in our public offices.

But there's a fly in the butter—Park Commissioner Stroker has cut off the water from the drinking fountains in the parks. Throat!

Like a despairing wail from behind the doors of a padded cell comes the following:

DEAR WURRA WURRA: Is the Interborough working the subway? Has the R. R. T. an ace in the hole? Where am I at? What's doing? Who's being done? Put me wise Willie on twiddling thumbs all day long wondering at this subway mixup. Will we ever get 'em—or have I got 'em? Hellup! Hellup!

Patience, Mr. Hug. I don't wonder at your agitation. You have my sympathy and the good wishes of all the rest of the strap-hanging millions of New York.

Undoubtedly, as Mike Harrigan would say, there is a lot of underground work going on in this subway situation.

But we will get a move some time and pull up perhaps for the foolish waste of words and years now going on.

I have learned a lot about how much the Interborough Rapid Transit Company and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company love us. They say it themselves. But, honest, now, don't you think it is a case of not because I love the passenger less, but that I love his nickel more?

And as Brutus killed Caesar because he loved him, so both of these transit committees are likely to kill off the chance of building the subway just because they love it too much.

THE GINK—Father Knickerbocker didn't make such a bad job of the subway. Now he have and which he built without outside help.

THE GINK—The devil a better piece of work than that subway was ever done up to the time it was turned over to Belmont without costing him a penny. THE GINK—It was the greatest gift in history, so it was.

IT IS A RANK INJURY to the boxing game to permit a foul or brutal fighter to appear in contests. I have in mind particularly Mr. "Salor" Burke, whose real name is Charles Blaise. The outrageous and unfair tactics he resorted to in his match with Ted Nelson at the Olympic should bar him forever from appearing in boxing contests.

Three times during the nine rounds the bout was permitted to go to the limit, and was disqualified only when his brutality was so manifest that it could be no longer overlooked.

This same fellow gave another illustration of his rank character at the bout with Jim McSherry in the National A. C. It was poor McSherry's debut in the professional ring and he was seized with stage fright. But Burke never heeded the squawks of the audience. He deliberately worked the padding of his right glove away from the knuckles and then swung a terrific blow on the helpless man in front of him. And the referee let him get away with it to his shame.

Burke should be kept out of the ring, and as a further punishment he should be fined for his conduct. Blaise, in future he called his name Blaise instead of the classic name of Burke.

NOTED WRECKER OF SALOONS, WHO DIED OF PARESIS.



CARRIE NATION
CARRIE NATION,
SALOON WRECKER,
DIES OF PARESIS

Noted Reformer 67 Years Old
When End Comes in Sanitarium.

LEAVENWORTH, Kan., June 10.—Mrs. Carrie Nation, who had been in a private sanitarium here since January, died last evening of paresis. She was sixty-seven years old. Her death had been expected for weeks.

Mrs. Nation in November, 1900, made her debut as a saloon-smasher at Kiowa, Kan., but it was not until a month later, when she went to Wichita and resumed her saloon-smashing, that she became nationally known.

At that time she was in a mental hospital, but she entered one saloon after another and generally she began operations by smashing the mirror on the back bar. Then she would break the bottles containing liquor.

The woman, who believed the Lord had appointed her to get rid of the drinking places of this country, which she called "murder shops," soon found many allies. Other women joined in the crusade and all in turn were thrown into jail. Mrs. Nation spent many weeks in jail in Kansas towns, but got no long sentences. Kansas was a prohibition State and the "joint" was illegal. Therefore, there was more or less difficulty in successfully prosecuting the hatchet-wielder.

Kansas saloon-keepers were in a panic, and about five hundred closed up within six weeks after Mrs. Nation went on the warpath. Then she came East and visited New York and the other large cities of the country. Her trip here was a money-making one. In addition to giving lectures, for which she was well paid, she appeared in a revised version of "Ten Nights in a Barroom" at the old Third Avenue Theatre. Her saloon-smashing stunt was the highlight of the show.

Mrs. Nation made a large amount of money by selling souvenir hatchets. Two years ago she had enough to buy a farm in Arkansas, where she went to live.

HEAD MORMON J. F. SMITH
A SUGAR TRUST WITNESS.

Committee Want to Know How Far Latter Day Saints Control Beet Products.

WASHINGTON, June 10.—Joseph F. Smith, the head of the Mormon Church, will be one of the star witnesses before the Hardwick Committee of the House which will investigate the Sugar Trust.

The committee will seek to ascertain from Mr. Smith the full extent of the Mormon Church's interest in the beet sugar industry and whether allegations that it controls the beet sugar trust are true. It will also endeavor to learn the relations existing between the monopoly that controls beet sugar and that exercising supremacy over the cane output. The charges have recently been made that the two trusts have conspired to control the beet and cane sugar markets and to interfere with the territory and methods of each other.

The committee will begin its hearings next Monday.

OSCEOLA CLUB TO PICNIC AT COLLEGE POINT.

The Osceola Club, strong politically and socially, will hold its annual summer picnic at Witke's Grove, College Point, L. I., on Sunday, June 25. The club's membership is 700. Two thousand tickets have been sold for the event.

The club members and their friends will assemble at the headquarters of the association, No. 198 St. Ann's avenue, at 9 o'clock, and march to the Port Morris dock, in East One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street. There they will board the steamer John Sylvester and enjoy a short sail up the Sound before going to the picnic grounds. Haynes's Sixty-ninth Regiment band will furnish the music for the march, also on the boat and at the grove.

Eugene McGuire will lead the procession. He will act as judge at the athletic contests in the afternoon. John Nestor has been engaged to entertain.

Killed by 5-Story Fall.

Charles E. Taylor, forty-seven years old, a stonecutter of No. 230 Seventh avenue, fell from the fourthteenth floor of the new Manhattan Building at 5 P. M. yesterday while quitting work. He was hurled to the Hudson River Hospital where he died shortly after his arrival.

The Professor's Mystery

A New York Romance of a Summer Girl's Strange Adventures
By WELLS HASTINGS and BRIAN HOOKER

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Crosby, a young college professor, falls in love with Margaret Tabor, known to her family as Lady, about whom a mystery seems to hang. After rejecting his attentions for some time, she finally yields to him. Crosby, who is a student of the law, is a member of the law school of the University of the City of New York. Crosby, who is a student of the law, is a member of the law school of the University of the City of New York.

use; but until I could contribute some definite help, I would not go back to Stamford. I had made more than enough trouble there already.

It was another week before the chance came. And I was a little surprised when Maclean conducted me not to the closed house he had before visited, but to the house on Ninety-second street to which I had followed Doctor Paulus on his way home.

"Oh, they meet around at one another's houses," Mac explained as we went up the steps. "It's a gang of social lights that's running the stunts as a fad, you see. An' the psychic researchers, they ring in. Now this time, see if you can't keep something on your stomach besides your hand. You missed a pile of fun last performance."

It was a very different sort of house from the other; wide open and full of the sense of family habitation, a house full of silk hangings and new mahogany and vases of unobtainable flowers, an orchid of a house where people would be like their own automobile, polished and expensive and a trifle fast.

Prof. Shelby was there, looking a little out of his element, and the others, by what I could tell, were mostly the same people as before; but there were more of them, twenty or twenty-five all told. The doors were closed, and the brilliant room and giving it almost the air of a reception. It was evening, and the electric light and the formal dress of most of the guests added to the impression.

I had my first good look at the medium before the proceedings began; a fatish, fluffy woman with large eyes, pale-haired, and slow-moving, whose voluble talk of conversation and dress exaggerated both vulgarity and convention. For a moment or two, I wrestled with an uncanny certainty of the guests added to the impression.

"Then all at once I remembered; she was the woman who had been with us in the trolley accident, the woman who had so curiously discovered the whereabouts of the chain."

As before, the circle formed about the centre table consisted of only a dozen or so, and the rest of us were left sitting about the walls. The doors were closed, and the extinguishing of the lights left the room in almost utter darkness.

The greenish pallor about the edges of the windows made it possible to imagine rather than to see. The gloom had the solidity of closed eyelids, and perhaps because of the sudden transition from brilliant light it was a little more normal. As when one suddenly moves one's face in the pillow, with the light still burning.

I caught myself unconsciously straining my eyes to observe these half-faded after-images. And despite the difference of environment the sitters had hardly begun their tuneless crooning of old songs before I felt the same breathless closeness as before, the same saturated oppression, the same feeling of uncomfortable and even indecent overcrowding.

I stood myself with long breaths, bracing involuntarily against the tension. Then all at once the door opened silently and softly closed, and as I turned to look some one rustled past me, visible only as a solid shadow in the gloom, and without a word slipped into a seat at the table. The others made room, and a chair was moved up quietly, and speaking or even pausing in the song.

But my heart pounded in my ears and my hands heated as I clenched them, for somehow I knew as certainly as if I could have plainly seen that the newcomer was Mrs. Tabor.

And it was as if she brought with her an increase of the already tense expectancy, as if her own nervous trouble spread out about her like a deepening of color, like a drop of blood falling into water already tinged with red. It was my own imagination, of course, the excitement of being close upon my guests and the reaction of silence closing over the interruption of her entrance; but I felt the exertion of breathing, as if I were immersed up to the chin in cold water.

If the atmosphere had been like a weight before, it was now like a deliberately closing vise. In the intervals of the frowning hum at the table, the silent took a quality of brittleness. Little brushings and rustlings ran in waves around the room, and I thought how a breeze runs over a field of tall grass, where each tuft turns takes up its neighbor's restlessness.

It occurred to me suddenly that most of the people here were women; and the sense of crowded presence led me to imagining crowds and throngs of women grouped in pictures or dancing in rows upon the stage. And then I remembered sharply that I could not see Mrs. Tabor and wondered whether my certainty that it was she had any found.

The court-house jail is located on Cedar street, directly opposite the court-house, where it is connected by an underground passage. It was erected four years ago. Every available modern appliance was used to make their escape. The tool used was a case-knife that had been made into a saw. The men made their escape from the cells into the first corridor, and from that into the outer corridor through openings that were about eight by twelve inches. All of them are slightly built. To get some of them had to leave a part of their clothing behind.

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more foundation than these other fantasies. I heard my own breathing and that of many others. I felt vaguely irritated that all these breathings were not keeping time and instinctively brought my own into even rhythm of the predominating number.

A chair creaked softly and I started, while the skin tightened over my cheeks and my tongue dried and tasted salt. The medium seemed to be breathing about, making little soft, urging noises like muffled groans or the nameless sound that goes with lifting a heavy burden or suddenly exerting the whole strength of the body.

Then the peculiar padded rapping began. The incongruously matter-of-fact voice of the professor asked: "Are the hands all here?" and the circle counted in a low tone while the raps went irregularly on. Some women across the room giggled nervously. Why these trivial details did not interrupt and relieve the tension I do not know; but they very absurdly seemed to intensify it.

I was hot and purty and a trifle faint. Suddenly Maclean gripped my knee and muttered:

"Look at the table—look at the table!" I did not know what he meant. I tried to say that I saw it was not literally accurate, for it was really too dark to see; the table and the group around it were no more than a bulk in a mist of darkness. For as I strained my eyes toward it that bulk of unconvincing cloudiness which I had seen or fancied before, scalded into mid-air, showing against the dark like black with light upon it against black in shadow.

And illuminated as it were by this visible darkness, the table beneath it rose up from its place under the circle of hands, waved as though about upon the rising stream of a fountain, then settled with a thud and a creak down again upon the floor. There was a momentary silence, full of crowded breathings. While I was wondering contentedly how much of it I had only imagined, Prof. Shelby said calmly:

"That's the best levitation we've had so far. Who did it? Who is there?" And the thrifty, querulous contralto answered: "I did, Miriam. Do you want any more?"

Another man somewhere in the circle stammered uncomfortably:

"I—well—I beg your pardon, but—could you move something quite beyond our reach? One of those things on the bookcase, for instance?"

"What for?" whined the voice, "You wouldn't believe it anyway—I don't want to talk to you. Is mother there?" Maclean's hand, resting upon my knee and he snuffed audibly. But the answer brought my heart into my throat, for I knew who made it beyond the possibility of mistake.

"Yes, dear," Mrs. Tabor said quietly. "I wanted to see you. Why didn't you come last time? I get—lonesome sometimes."

"I couldn't come before. Aren't you happy?" She might have been speaking to a child crying in its bed.

"I want to—come back—I want—you, mother. You're afraid of—me?" "I want to see you every day at home, dear child."

"It isn't—the same. I can't talk to you—there. You're afraid of—me?" "I want to see you every day at home, dear child."

"You mustn't be afraid, Miriam—you mustn't. Nobody shall take you away!" A flush and a swelling of tears came over me, and I felt my hair bristling, not with nervousness, but with a kind of anger. The unobtainableness of the whole scene, the feeling of being the poor mother's hysterical fondness, the utter sincerity of her emotion, and the sentimentalism that whined in reply, so perfectly calculated to irritate and control the original emotion.

(To Be Continued.)

FOUR SAW THEIR WAY
OUT OF SYRACUSE JAIL.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., June 10.—Four men, two of whom were sentenced yesterday to Auburn prison, sawed their way out of the court-house jail here early today. The men are James Hammond, John Jordan, Charles Green and Albert Adams. Hammond was under a six years' sentence in Auburn prison. Jordan had a three years' sentence. Green was sentenced to Elmira Reformatory and Adams was being held for sentence. The men sawed five three-quarter-inch bars of steel to make their escape. The tool used was a case-knife that had been made into a saw. The men made their escape from the cells into the first corridor, and from that into the outer corridor through openings that were about eight by twelve inches. All of them are slightly built. To get some of them had to leave a part of their clothing behind.

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